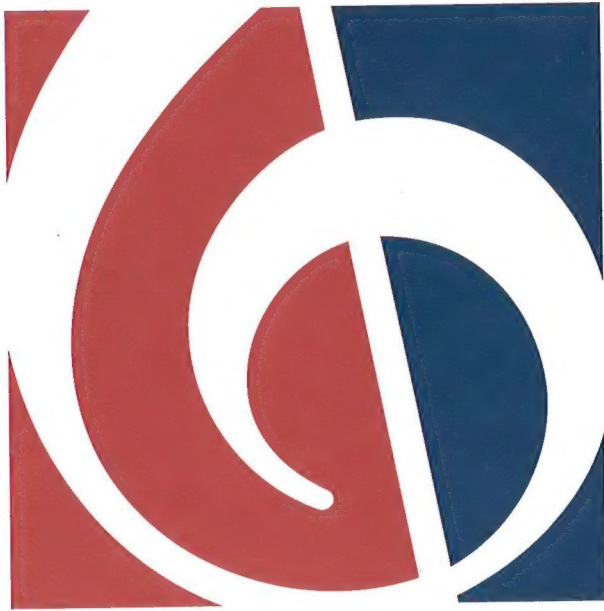


CD 2004--77

FACULTY *of* MUSIC



2004-2005

WHERE GREAT MUSIC MEETS GREAT MINDS

Friday, September 24, 2004
8 pm. Walter Hall

University of Toronto Faculty of Music
Faculty Artist Series
Presents

Woman in Love

A program of songs and arias given by

Lorna MacDonald, soprano

Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies

and

William Aide, piano

Professor Emeritus

What can we poor females do?
I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain
The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Voi avete un cor fedele, K.217

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Frauenliebe und Leben, op. 42

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Seit ich ihn gesehen —

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Ich kann's nicht fassen

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Süsser Freund, du blickest

An meinem Herzen

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

- INTERMISSION -

La promessa

Giocchino Rossini (1792-1868)

L'invito

La fioraia fiorentina

Einerlei

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden

Säusle, liebe Myrthe

The trees on the Mountains (Susannah)

Carlisle Floyd (b.1926)

Che'il bel sogno (La Rondine)

Giocomo Puccini (1858-1924)

A portion of the ticket revenues from the Faculty Artist Series will be used
to fund student awards at the Faculty of Music

This recital is performed on the Edith McConica Steinway piano.

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“Woman in Love”

She is a singer, and therefore, capable of anything! (Bellini)

In both opera and art-song, the theme of love has been particularly prominent in the repertoire for women. One might almost say this is what women are “for” in music – even the icy Turandot eventually succumbs to her amorous desires. And yet within this standardized (if not stereo-typed) characterization of femininity, composers have found many ways to portray their women in love. The subject, it seems, is virtually inexhaustible. A variety of expressive approaches can be heard in this

evening’s programme. From Henry Purcell we have frustration, helplessness and a mother’s devotion; and from Mozart, a questioning of fidelity. Schumann’s song-cycle overflows with emotion: joy, pride, adoration – and finally bitterness. For Rossini, a woman’s love is flirtatious and seductive, and for Richard Strauss, it’s strong and sincere. Finally, the American composer Carlisle Floyd’s *Susannah* is mournful, and Puccini’s *Magda* is passionate. © 2004 Colin Eatock

Texts and Translations

What can we poor females do?

Text: Anon.

What can we, what can we poor females do,
when pressing, teasing, pressing teasing
lovers sue?

What can we, what can we poor, poor
females do?

Fate affords no other way,

but denying or complying
what can we poor females do
when pressing, teasing lovers sue?
And resenting or consenting
does alike our hopes betray,
what can we poor females do,
when pressing, teasing lovers sue?

I attempt from Love’s sickness to fly

Text: John Dryden (1631-1700) and

Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698)

I attempt from Love’s sickness to fly in vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.

No more now, fond heart, with pride no
more swell,
thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.

I attempt from Love’s sickness to fly in vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.

For Love has more power and less mercy
than fate,
to make us seek ruin and love those that
hate.

I attempt from Love’s sickness to fly in vain,
since I am myself my own fever and pain.

The Blessed Virgin’s Expostulation

Text: Nahum Tate (1652-1715)

Tell me, tell me some, some pitying angel,
Tell quickly, quickly say, where, where does
my soul’s sweet darling stray,
In tiger’s or more cruel, cruel Herod’s way?
Ah, rather, let his little footsteps press

Unregarded through the wilderness,
Where milder, where milder savages resort,
The desert’s safer, the desert’s safer than a
tyrant’s court.

Why, why, fairest object of my love, why
dost thou from my longing eyes remove?

Was it, was it a waking dream that did foretell
 thy wondrous birth?
 No vision, no, no vision from above?
 Where's Gabriel, where's Gabriel now that
 visited my cell?
 I call, I call, I call: Gabriel! Gabriel! He
 comes not.
 Flatt'ring, flatt'ring hopes, farewell.
 Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,
 Call'd me of mothers the most, the most
 bless'd.

Voi avete un cor fedele (You have a Faithful Heart)

Text: Anonymous

Voi avete un cor fedele,
 come amante appassionato:
 Ma mio sposo dichiarato,
 che farete? cangerete?
 Dite, allora che sarà?
 Manterrete fedeltà?
 Ah! non credo,
 già prevedo,
 mi potreste corbellar.
 non ancora,
 non per ora,
 non mi vuol di voi fidar.

Now fatal change, of mothers most
 distress'd.
 How, how shall my soul its motions guide?
 How, how shall I stem the various, various
 tide,
 Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul
 divide?
 For whilst of thy dear, dear sight beguil'd,
 I trust the God, but oh! I fear, but oh! I fear
 the child.

You have a faithful heart,
 like a passionate lover,
 but as my husband declared
 what will you do? Will you change?
 Say, then what will be?
 Will you be faithful?
 Ah! I believe not,
 I foresee,
 you could deceive me.
 not yet,
 not now,
 do I wish to trust you.

Frauenliebe und Leben (A Woman's Life and Love)

Texts: Adelbert von Chamisso (1781-1838) Translation: Daniel Platt

Seit ich ihn gesehen (Since I saw him)

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
 glaub ich blind zu sein;
 wo ich hin nur blicke,
 seh ich ihn allein;
 wie im wachen Traume
 schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
 taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
 heller nur empor.

Since I saw him
 I believe myself to be blind,
 where I but cast my gaze,
 I see him alone.
 as in waking dreams
 his image floats before me,
 dipped from deepest darkness,
 brighter in ascent.

Sonst ist licht - und farblos
 alles um mich her,
 nach der Schwestern Spiele
 nicht begehrt ich mehr,
 möchte lieber weinen,
 still im Kämmerlein;
 seit ich ihn gesehen,
 glaub ich blind zu sein.

All else dark and colorless
 everywhere around me,
 for the games of my sisters
 I no longer yearn,
 I would rather weep,
 silently in my little chamber,
 since I saw him,
 I believe myself to be blind.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen (He, the most glorious of all)

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
 wie so milde, wie so gut!
 Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
 heller Sinn und fester Mut.

He, the most glorious of all,
 O how mild, so good!
 lovely lips, clear eyes,
 bright mind and steadfast courage.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
also er an meinem Himmel,
hell und herrlich, [hehr]! und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen,
nur betrachten deinen Schein,
nur in Demut ihn betrachten,
selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
darf beglücken deine Wahl,
und ich will die Hohe segnen,
segnen viele tausendmal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
selig, selig bin ich dann;
sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
brich, O Herz, was liegt daran?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben (I can't grasp it, nor believe it)

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
wie hätt er doch unter allen
mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
"Ich bin auf ewig dein,"
mir war's - ich träume noch immer,
es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
gewieget an seiner Brust,
den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
in Tränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger (Thou ring on my finger)

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
mein goldenes Ringelein,
ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt ihn ausgeträumet,
der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
ich fand allein mich, verloren
im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger
da hast du mich erst belehrt,

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself along and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,

hast meinem Blick erschlossen
des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
ihm angehören ganz,
hin selber mich geben und finden
verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
mein goldenes Ringelein,
ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen
dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern (Help me, ye sisters)

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
freundlich mich schmücken,
dient der Glücklichen heute mir,
windet geschäftig
mir um die Stirne
noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
freudigen Herzens,
sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
immer noch rief er,
sehnsucht im Herzen,
ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
helft mir verscheuchen
eine törichte Bangigkeit,
daß ich mit klarem
Aug ihn empfangen,
ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
du mir erschienen,
giebst du mir, Sonne deinen Schein?
laß mich in Andacht,
laß mich in Demut,
laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
streuet ihm Blumen,
bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar,
aber euch, Schwestern,
grüß ich mit Wehmut
freudig scheidend aus eurer Schar.

Süßer Freund, du blickest (Sweet friend, thou gazest)

Süßer Freund, du blickest
mich verwundert an,
kannst es nicht begreifen,
wie ich weinen kann;

hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;

laß der feuchten Perlen
ungewohnte Zier
freudig hell erzittern in dem Auge mir
Wie so bang mein Busen,
wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt ich nur mit Worten,
wie ich's sagen soll;
komm und birg dein Antlitz
hier an meiner Brust,
will in's Ohr dir flüstern
alle meine Lust.

Weißt dur nun die Tränen,
die ich weinen kann?
sollst du nicht sie sehen,
du geliebter Mann?
Bleib an meinem Herzen,
fühle dessen Schlag,
daß ich fest und fester
nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
hat die Wiege Raum,
wo sie still verberge
meinen holden Traum;
kommen wird der Morgen,
wo der Traum erwacht,
und daraus dein Bildnis
mir entgegen lacht.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust (At my heart, at my breast)

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!
das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb ist
das Glück,
ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab übergücklich mich geschätzt
bin übergücklich aber jetzt.
nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;
nur eine Mutter weiß allein
was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!
du lieber, lieber Engel, du
du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright, in my eyes.
How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!
The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.
Only she that suckles, only she that loves
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;
Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!
Thou dear, dear angel thou,
thou lookst at me and smiles!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan,

der aber traf.

du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
der Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlaßne vor sich hin,
die Welt is leer.

Geliebet hab ich und gelebt, ich bin
nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh mich in mein Innres still zurück,
der Schleier fällt,
da hab ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
du meine Welt!

La promessa (The promise)

Text: Metastasio (1698-1782)

Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,
no, nol credete, pupille care,
ne men per gioco v'ingannerò.

Voi foste e siete le mie faville,
e voi sarete, care pupille,
il mio bel foco finch'io vivrò.

L'invito (The Invitation)

Text: Carlo Pepoli (1796-1881)

Vieni, o Ruggiero, la tua Eloisa
da te divisa non puo restar:
alle mie lacrimeggia rispondevi,
vieni, ricevi il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo,
vien, mio diletto,
sovra il mio petto vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita, se amor t'invita...
vieni, mia vita, vieni, fammi spirar ...

La fioraia fiorentina (The Florentine Flower Girl)

Text: Metastasio (1698-1782)

I più bei fior comprate,
fanciulli, amanti e spose:
son fresche le mie rose,
non spiran che l'amor.

Ahime! Soccorso implora
mia madre, poveretta
e da me sola aspetta
del pan e non dell'or.

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain

Now thou hast given me for the first time,
pain,

how it struck me.

Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,
the world is void.

I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness,
O thou my world!

That I will ever be able to stop loving you
no, don't believe it, dear eyes!
Not even to joke would I deceive you about
this.

You alone are my sparks,
and you will be, dear eyes,
my beautiful fire as long as I live!

Come, Ruggiero, to your Eloisa
I can no longer bear to be separated from you.
All my tears answer,
come, hear my pleas.

Come, my angel,
come my delight,
rest on my breast,
feel the love which invites you
come, my life, and be inspired by love.

Come by my most beautiful flowers
for your beloved girl or wife!
My roses are the freshest,
And are filled with nothing but love.

Ah, I implore you
to help my poor mother
and give me hope
for some bread or gold.

Einerlei (One and the Same)

Text: Achim von Arnim (1781-1831), Translated: Bird/Stokes

Ihr Mund ist stets derselbe,
sein Kuss mir immer neu
ihr Auge noch dasselbe,
sein freier Blick mir true;

Her mouth is the same always,
its kiss is ever new,
still the same her eyes are,
their frank gaze true to me;

O du liebes Einerlei,
wie wird aus dir so mancherlei!

O you sweet one-and-the-same,
the diversity that comes of you!

Zueignung (Dedication)

Text: Hermann von Gilm (1812-1864), Translated: Bird/Stokes

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,
dass ich fern von dir mich quäle,
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,
habe dank.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
hoch den Amethysten-Becher
und du segnetest den Trank,
habe dank.

Yes, dear soul, you know,
away from you I'm in torment,
love makes hearts sick,
have thanks.
Once I, drinker of freedom, held
high the amethyst goblet
and you blessed that draught,
have thanks.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,
habe dank!

And you drove out from it the evil ones,
till I, as never before,
holy, sank holy upon your heart,
have thanks!

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden (I would have bound a Nosegay)

Text: Clemens Brentano (1778-1842), Translated: Bird/Stokes

Ich wollt ein Sträusslein binden,
da kam die dunkle Nacht,
kein Blümlein war zu finden,
sonst hätt ich dir's gebracht.

I would have bound a nosegay,
but dark night came,
no flower could I find,
or I'd have brought it.

Da flossen von den Wangen
mir Tränen in den Klee,
ein Blümlein aufgegangen
ich nun im Garten seh.

Then from my cheeks
tears flowed on the clover,
one flower has come up
in the garden, I see.

Das wollte ich dir brechen
wohl in dem dunklen Klee,
doch fing es an zu sprechen:
'Ach, tue mir nicht weh!

For you I tried to pluck it
in the dark clover,
but it spoke up and said:
'Ah, do me no harm!

Sei freundlich im Herzen,
betracht dein eigen Leid,
und lasse mich in Schmerzen
nicht sterben vor der Zeit!'

Be kind in your heart,
behold your own grief,
and let me not in agony
die before my time.'

Und hätt's nicht so gesprochen,
im Garten ganz allein,
so hätt ich dir's gebrochen,
nun aber darf's nicht sein.
Mein Schatz ist ausgeblieben,

And had it not been spoken so,
in the garden all alone,
for you I would have plucked it,
but that now cannot be.
My love has not come,

ich bin so ganz allein.
im Lieben wohnt Betrübten,
und kann nicht anders sein.

I am so very alone.
in love dwells affliction,
no different can it be.

Säusle, liebe Myrthe (Rustle, dear Myrtle)

Text: Clemens Brentano (1778-1842), Translated: Bird/Stokes

Säusle, liebe Myrte!
Wie still ist's in der Welt,
der Mond, der Sternenhirte,
auf klarem Himmelsfeld,
treibt schon die Wolkenschafe
zum Born des Lichtes hin,
schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
How silent the world is,
the moon, the star's shepherd
in heaven's bright field
is driving, the cloud-sheep
to the spring of light,
sleep, my friend, oh sleep,
till I'm again with you.

Säusle, liebe Myrte!
Und träum im Sternenschein,
die Turteltaube girrte
ihre Brut schon ein.
Still ziehn die Wolkenschafe
zum Born des Lichtes hin,
schlaf, mein Freund, o schlafe,
bis ich wieder bei dir bin!

Rustle, dear myrtle!
and dream in the starlight,
the turtledove has cooed
her brood to sleep.
Quietly the cloud-sheep
retire to the spring of light,
sleep, my friend, oh sleep,
till I'm again with you.

Hörst du, wie die Brunnen rauschen?
Hörst du, wie die Grille zirpt?
Stille, stille, lasst uns lauschen,
selig, wer in Träumen stirbt;
selig, wen die Wolken wiegen,
wenn der Mond ein Schlaflied singt;
Oh! Wie selig kann der fliegen,
dem der Traum den Flügel schwingt,
dass an blauer Himmelsdecke,
Sterne er wie Blumen pflückt;
schlafe, träume, flieg, ich wecke
bald dich auf und bin beglückt!

Hear how the fountains murmur?
Hear how the cricket chirrups?
Hush, hush, let us listen,
happy he who dies in dreams;
happy he whom clouds cradle
when the moon sings a lullaby;
oh, how blissfully can he fly
whose wing is impelled by dreams,
so that on Heaven's blue roof
he may gather stars like flowers;
sleep, dream, fly, I'll awake
you soon and be made happy.

The Trees on the Mountains (from *Susannah*)

Carlisle Floyd's best known opera, *Susannah* is a retelling of the Book of Susannah, set in rural Tennessee, a musical response to the McCarthyism rampant at the time of its composition. Since its première in 1956, it has gained a foothold in the repertoire of both American and international companies. Susannah Polk, an attractive but innocent girl of nineteen, is getting a lot of attention from the new preacher, Rev. Olin Blitch. At church meeting, Susannah sits alone, blamed unfairly for Blitch's attentions. Later at home, she reveals her loneliness in this sad folk song, *The trees on the mountains are cold and bare*.

The trees on the mountains are cold and
bare.

The summer jes' vanished an' left them there
like a false-hearted lover jes' like my own
who made me love him, then left me alone.

The coals on the hearth have turned gray and
sere.

The blue flame jes' vanished an' left them
there,
like a aflase-hearted lover jes' like my own

who made me love him, then left me alone.
Come back, O summer, come back, blue
flame.

My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.
Come back, O lover, if jes' fer a day.
Turn bleak December once more into May.
The road up ahead lies lonely an' far.
There's darkness around me an' not even a
star
to show me the way or lighten my heart.

Come back, my lover, I fain would start.
The poor baby fox lies all cold in his lair.
His mama jes' vanished an' left him there,
like a false hearted lover, jes' like my own,
who made me love him, then left me alone.
Come back, O summer, come back, blue
flame!

My heart wants warmin', my baby a name.
Come back, O lover, if jes' for a day.
Turn bleak December once more into May.

Che'il bel sogno (from *La Rondine*)

In the salon of his mistress, Magda, Rambaldo Fernandez is entertaining friends. Among these guests is the poet, Prunier. Sitting at the piano, Prunier introduces his song (*Che'il bel sogno di Doretta*). He tells the tale of a young woman who has a dream, in which a king asks a maid to trust in him, promising all his riches to her. Struck by the young girl's beauty, the king begs her not to tremble from fear or to cry, but she remains as she is, for no wealth can purchase happiness. At this point Prunier stops his song, uncertain of how to finish. Magda joins him at the piano and puts her own words to the song (*Che'il bel sogno*)

Her ending is simple: a young student one day kisses Doretta with such fervor that she learns of passion. Magda, becoming very involved with her song, impresses all around her, including Prunier.

Che'il bel sogno di Doretta potè indovinar?
Il suo mister come mai finì?
Ahimè! Un giorno uno studente
in bocca la baciò,
e fu quel bacio rivelazione:
Fu la passione!
Folle amore! Folle ebrezza!
Chi la sottile carezza
d'un bacio così ardente
mai ridir potrà?
Ah! Mio sogno! Ah! Mia vita!
Che importa la ricchezza
se alfin è rifiorita la felicità!
O sogno d'or poter amar così!

Who could guess Doretta's beautiful dream?
How did its mystery end?
Alas, one day a student
kissed her lips
and that kiss was revelation:
It was passion!
Frenzied love! Frenzied rapture!
Who could ever describe
the subtle caress of a
kiss so ardent?
Ah, my dream! Ah, my life!
Of what importance is wealth
if, at last, happiness has blossomed again!
Oh golden dream, to be able to love like that!



About the Artists

Soprano **Lorna MacDonald** is a singer, voice teacher, the Head of Voice Studies at the University of Toronto and the *Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies*. Early in her career she was the recipient of many musical awards including prizes from the Metropolitan Opera, Chicago Lyric Opera, Dallas and Fort Worth Opera guilds, NATS, and the National Opera Association. Her career was based in the U.S. for seventeen years until her appointment to the University of Toronto in 1994. In 1998 she was recognized from among Ontario's university professors with the OCUFA Teaching Award for *"teaching excellence and outstanding contributions to university teaching"*. In April 2000 she was selected as the keynote speaker for the University of Toronto's Status of Women Day, and in November 2001, Lorna was inaugurated as the first holder of the *Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies*. She was named Full Professor in 2003.

Lorna MacDonald has performed a variety of lyric-coloratura roles in both opera and oratorio. Her singing has been described, *"astonishing in its brightness, agility and projection"* (Halifax), *"bright and sparkling"* (Toronto) and *"an absolute jewel"* (Edmonton), and performances of Bach's cantata *Jauchzet Gott* in 2000 were described *"fiery soprano MacDonald dazzles"*. Among her operatic roles are Despina, Gretel, Adele, Susanna, Barbarina, Musetta, Rose, Marie, Josephine, Mabel, Carolina, Norina and Baby Doe. Her performances with regional orchestras and international festivals have been broadcast by the CBC, PBS and NPR. Ms. MacDonald has given the premières of many works written for her by Canadian and American composers, and she thrives in the recital format where she can be found performing chamber music with some of our finest musicians.

Her teaching and singing have been featured at many symposia and concert series in North America and Europe, and

her sound teaching and mentoring style has been recognized through invited assignments with the Metropolitan Opera National Council, the Canadian Opera Company, the Royal Canadian College of Organists, the National Association of Teachers of Singing, American Choral Directors' Association, the Canadian Music Festival and programs in France, Wales, Bermuda, Ireland, the US, and across Canada. Her students are found at major summer programs, international competitions and on opera and concert stages from Victoria to St. John's, and from Santa Fe to Venice. *"At the University of Toronto, MacDonald is clearly busy and the university is lucky to have her. Luckier still are the students who benefit from her solid grounding in the art of building voices and her keen understanding of the art of singing."*

(Halifax Mail Star 2000) Engagements this season take her to Nebraska, Edmonton, Kitchener, Toronto, Wales and Winnipeg.

Prof. MacDonald is a graduate of Dalhousie University and the New England Conservatory of Music with post-graduate work in the U.S. and Europe. The esteemed singers Eleanor Steber and Elena Nikolaidi were among her major mentors. Her passions for singing, teaching and voice science are fulfilled through her teaching of graduate and undergraduate voice, vocal pedagogy, and advanced performance studies. *"I am ever mindful that I teach singers, and not only singing, and this has allowed me to develop a pedagogy and philosophy which has the highest respect for my students as individuals, for their special talent, and for the art of music. I have achieved a professional balance between education and performance that makes them almost indistinguishable to me. In the administrative aspect of my work, I call upon my personal philosophy of 'making a difference', so that goals and dreams that once were dreamed for me alone now*

include my students, Voice Studies and the Faculty of Music. My contributions to the musical life of this great university strengthen and assert my belief that a life in the arts is noble, rewarding and essential to our well-being."

William Aide held the *Rupert E. Edwards Chair in Piano Performance* at the Faculty of Music until his retirement last year. He continues to have an active career as a pianist, and is also the author of a book of memoirs, *Starting from Porcupine*, and a volume of poetry, *Sea*

Voyage with Pigs, issued together with a CD of his performance of Chopin's 24 Preludes, Op. 28 (Oberon Press).

In the decades following his Toronto Symphony debut in 1963, Aide often partnered singers in recital, notably Elizabeth Soederstroem, Lois Marshall, Catherine Robbin and James Milligan, and his live recording of Schumann's three major song cycles with Lois Marshall is available on the CBC Enterprises label.

In November of 2006, William Aide will serve as Chairman of the Second Jury of the sixth Honens International Piano Competition.



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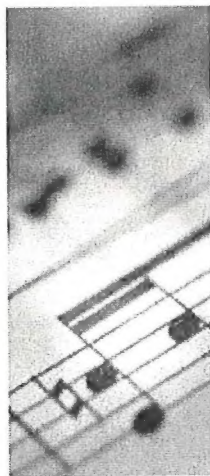
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Kenneth Peacock was a distinguished alumnus of the University of Toronto's Faculty of Music. His body of work, as a composer and researcher for half a century, has made a significant impact on musical life in Canada. The Faculty of Music was very grateful to learn that Mr. Peacock had made a bequest to the University of Toronto in his will for the benefit of our music programs. With this legacy gift, the Faculty of Music will establish the Kenneth H. Peacock Lecture Series in Music in keeping with his lifelong interest in and contribution to the multi-dimensional study of music. Thank you Mr. Peacock.

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